NOBLE BLOOD.

A STORY. BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

XIV. . Will I fetch you a bit sup of hot water with a taste of something good in it, Mr. Ambrose ?" said Molly O'Hea, after supper, resting her hands on the adge of the table, and regarding the artist with a countenance blooming with compassion. "Sure it's the sad looks you have on ye this evening, and there's nought in the world like a drap of the cra-

ture for chasing bad spirits. Come now "I'm afraid I'm too far gone even for that, Molly, The fact is I'm going to leave Ireland in a few lays, and whiskey won't make me forget it. " Och, and is it leavin' old Ireland ye'd be! But

happen ye'll be takin' some one with ye, to keep ye " Unless you'll come with me, Molly, I know of no

" Well, now, that's a compliment, more by token there's others not far off which a gentleman of less taste than yourself, Mr. Ambrose, might have put before me. And it's grieved I am, faith, that I can't oblige ve; but I've a young man, don't you see, sets that store by becoming the husband of Molly O'Hea, ' would be no better than flat murder to leave him. But that's the way o' the world, Mr Ambrose: the best folks don't find their match."

" That's true, Molly; nor the worst either !" "Well, now, I'll be after giving ye a bit of advice," resumed Miss O'Hea, stroking her plump bare arms upward from the wrist to the elbow, and then folding them and contemplating him benevolently If ye can't have just what ye want, take the next best to it! Now, there's two fine weddings will be celebrated during the coming month; one's my own, and the other's that of a young lady whose ancestors was friends of the O'Heas, in the days when Erin was Queen of the ocean, as she is the Gem of it now, God bless her! Now why wouldn't you be joinin' in, Mr. Ambrose-the more the morrier and beshtowin' yourself on some nice comfortable body-namin' no names, but maybe there's a gnost beyant there on the hill-" here Moily pagsed, and began to chuckle silently at her own archness.

Ghostly advice, Molly, may do for good Catho lies, but I'm a heretic, and past help. But who is the young lady you mentioned, whose ancestors-"Sure, where have your ears ocen this week past, not to have heard of Miss O'Mutan, that's to be married to the duke out of Italy ?" "Oh, that's settlen, is it ?"

" Deed it is, then; and wan't the duke be on here to-morrow f and isn't his boat in the harbor already, to carry the bride and bridegroom back to the Muddy Traneum? Faith, 'tis great times we'il be havin', Mr. Ambrose."

"Well, Molly, that's the wedding of all others in

the world that I'd like to dance at-except, of course, yours, and my own. However, there's no telling !- I believe, upon second thoughts, I'll take your advice-as to the spirits, I mean, not the ghost -and you shall join me in a toast to the married city of the duke out of Italy and Miss O'Mutan.

In truth Ambrose felt more cheerful for this con versation, not that it told him anything new, but because it made Miss O'Mutan's claim upon the duke seem more real and substantial, and the isone between the latter and Beatrice appear imaginary and improbable in comparison. What could a gir like her do against the well-considered arrange ments of two great families? She was a mono maniac for the time being-that was all; when so complish d events should have shown her her folly in its true light, she would thank her stars that they had overruled her affairs better than her own perverse humor would have ordered them. And then, being returned to her right mind-the true man might come to his deserts!

The decoction of Irish whiskey which Molly ought him encouraged him still further; and while searching for his eigar-case, he came upon the antique volume which Miss Cadogna had presented to him, and which he had put in his pocket and forgotten. The gift had not seemed of significance at the time; but now Ambrose was disposed to look upon it as a pledge of something more than commemplace courtesy. She had suggested that it might contain a reference to the story of her mysterious prototype, reading which, he should abstain from harsh thoughts concerning herself. Surely this indicated a sentiment regarding him different from that implied by her estensible behavior.

The book, moreover, in addition to being an heir loom, was evidently of no small intrinsic value. The covers were of ebouy, inlaid with a filagree of gold, and richly chased in low relief. The four jewels in the corners-an amethyst, a topaz, a carthe shape of little hands, holding the covers together. Loosening these, Ambrose found the book to be composed of about one hundred leaves of fine vellum, carefully smoothed and prepared, and written over in old-fasinoned Italian, inscribed in a clear, delicate character. The writing was divided into chapters, the initial letters of which were drawn in red and blue, with long, graceful sprays extending nearly round the broad margins of the pages. At the end of the book were the name and

Anarea Cadogna dei Morosim 1-4-7-3

and a seal, bearing a crest of an eagle holding a ship in its talons, and the motto, " Fer ignobilitatem

*Let me think," said Ambrose to himsert, exploring his memory for such remnants of Italian historical lore as it might retain; "the Morosini Dogo, to whom he confided his deadly purpose against Marsillo, and the plans he had laid to carry again "Let me think," said Ambrose to himself, ex-Steel in the control with a control with the control of the contro

XV.

Springing from the great Morosini stem, the family of the Cadognas bore a part in most of the principal events, of Venetian history. They were haughty and aristocratic of temper, as their patrician lineage warranted; bold and successful in war, subtle and unrelenting in policy, magnificent and luxurious in their private life and appointments. Not a few of the women of the race became as conspicuous, in their own way, as the men. One of them, who was married to a Doge about the middle of the eleventh century became known all over Italy for the unbridled luxury of her habits. She lived in an atmosphere of music and perfume, trod on carpets of damask, buthed in distillations of precious odors, fed on dainties worth their bulk in old, and was said to be chargeable with other voluptuous indulgences of which the very nature s unknown in our day. But Providence, which seems to have exercised its functions in a much more dramatic and obvious fashion in those splendid periods than it does now, smote this superb creature with leprosy; and she died a lingering and ndeous death, abandoned by every human being of the thousands who had waited on her lightest word. Nearly a hundred years later, an appalling calam-

ity befell the Cadogna family, which at that time comprised upward of eighty male members. In a war against the Hungarians, every one of these noble gentlemen took part under the leadership of Fabiero, the renowned Crusader and Doge. During the campaign, which was severe and prolonged, all the Cadognas without exception fell victims either to disease or the sword. It appeared that the whole race had thus suddenly become extinct. Upon investigation, however, a solitary survivor was discovered. This man had, in his youth, loved a lady who nad returned his passion; but considerations of domestic policy had prevented their union; she had been married to an aged and worn-out de canchee, and the young Cadogna, in his despair, had taken monastic vows and vanished from the world. But, in the present extreme predicament, a special dispensation from Rome was procured, releasing him from his vows; he was sought out in his remote convent, and brought back from a lonely cell to all the glories and delights of Venice, to re new and propagate his name. Now it so happened that the lady whom he had loved ten years before had, in the interval of his retirement, become a widow, and he found her more lovely than ever, and not less loving him. Their wedding was celebrated with great splender, and the remainder of the monk's existence (which was protracted to the stmost extremity of old age; was blessed with every prosperity and happiness that Heaven and Venice could bestow. Fifteen children, eighty-five grandhildren and thirty great-grandchildren followed their progenitor to the grave; and before the end f another generation, the Cadeguas were again among the most numerous and powerful families of the City of the Adriatic.

No great historic period passed, without producng from this redoubtable race at least one distinguished champion, either in the field, the calanet or the hall of State. Once, a Cadogna sat in the chair of the Doge; once, at least, a hearer of the name is said to have worn the black robes of the mysterious

will know, no would will be forth to death.

Among the public mentions were carried on which more than quality constituted a claim upon the surface and the property of the surface and the su

wife was present at the repast, and Andrea plied them with wine and jests, until his prisoner had almost forgotten his captivity. At length, under pretence of coud . ing them to a place where they sould enjoy themselves with still less restraint, he led them to a room where a deep embrasure, hollowed out in the solid wall, was concealed by a heavy silken curtain. Laughing and talking loudly, be pushed them before him through this curtain; when they were suddenly seized 'and pinioned by the men who were lying in wait for them there. Having thoroughly secured them, the curtains were torn down and a pile of stones and nortar was revealed, with which the men immediafely proceeded to wall up the opening. Stapelied at first, or taking it for a new jest, the guilty wretches failed at first to realize their fate. But Andrea Cadogna did not allow them to remain long.

" My dear friend Marsillo," said he, " and you, my faithful and honorable wife, I have for many mouths observed with sympathy and interest your tenderness for each other. For many months I studied in vain to devise a method by which you might be made happy, and I, at the same time. could be the witness of your blass. The hour and the means have at last come! Never more shall you be parted from each other. Here shall the remainder of your lives be passed; and since you are both young and overflowing with health and vigor, I rejoice to think what an abundance of felicity awaits you! Embrace, my beloved ones! Let me see one kiss before this wall shuts me out from you forever! Ah! you are modest and bashful; it becomes you well. Hasten your work, fellows: don't you see that the lady and gentleman are impatient to be alone? Farewell, dear friends: and sometimes, in the intervals of your joy, think kindly of your loving Andrea!"

Having thus effectively vindicated his honor Andrea Cadogna dei Morosini entered upon the adunistration of the towa, of which, by the terms of his compact with Venice, he was appointed Governor. But ere long there were signs that enemies were plotting against him at home. In fact, the family of his wife had obtained information as to the hideous manner of her death, and were de-termined to be avenged. A member of that family solding an important post under the Government liscovered the secret arrangement that Andrea had made, and contrived to apply this knowledge in such manner as to effect his downfall. Andrea received a summons to return to Venice; but the summ was so worded as to lead him to suppose that h was merely to be consulted as to some proposed new measures of administration. The deception was devised in order that ne might not be tempted to seek safety in flight, or escape his fate by suicide He presented himself unsuspiciously before the Sen ate, and after replying to a few questions, he was placed under arrest, and imprisoned in the "Piombi,"—the dungeons under the leads of the ducal palace; and he was kept there for six months. At the end of that period he was brought out and taken before the Council of Ten. Here he was account. cused of having betrayed, contrary to his promise the terms of his secret agreement with the Govern ment. He indignantly denied the charge; but in such a matter, accusation was equivalent to con-demnation. The proceedings of the Council were always strictly secret; the accused were never con-

In the content of the content of his centre, the variety of the content of the co

fastened the golden hands, and after sitting for half an hour in deep mentation, threw himself on his bed and fell asleep.

Omitting all extraneous matter, the leading features of Andrea Cadogna's story are as follows:

Safety, and invited him to sup with him. Andrea's wife was present at the repast, and Andrea plied

Andrea assumed the command and cause. Marsilio to be brought before him. Stills dissembling his barely time to make his escape by the window, while Beatrice was discovered in the act of making preparations for her flight. Examination soon showed him that instead of De Courey being the classes are the property of the particips crimins, as he had supposed, the true source of the evil was still further back; and Beatree, finding further concealment useless boldly avowed the whole truth, and furthermore declared that nothing but death should prevent her from cleaving to the man of her choice.

Admired attenuate to recover a table to be table her

cleaving to the man of her choice.

Andrea attempted to reason with her; he told her what his life had been, and how not only his wishes would be frustrated, but his very existence would be endingered, if she returned to Venice. Were the Council to learn that he stail lived, and was, moreover, violating the stringent hav forbidding any Venetian nobleman to follow commercial pursuits, his personal safety might be in serious jeopardy; for their secret emissaries penetrated to every part of Europe, and no fuguive was safe from their daggers. But above all he conjured her not to oppose in purpose of forever abjuring their native country and their patrician fineace. The thought that any child having his blood in its veins should hereafter live in the city which had so treacherously betrayed and outraged him, was intolerable; and, finally, in case she persisted in disobeliance to his desires, he threatened her with permanent imprisonment in a convent.

am in your power," was her reply: "but, "I am in your power," was her reply: "but, though you can comine my booky, you cannot control my sprit. I loved my mother, whom you hated and murdered. You would condemn me to what is more ernel than death; but I will not submit to such a destiny. I have a key that will open the doors of any dangeon; and since you have no mercy I will use it mow!"

With these words she applied to her lips a ring, the stone of which was rashioned to contain a subtle and potent poison; and, with a laugh, fell into her lather's arms, as he started forward to prevent her doed. She mover spoke, except to after at

intervals the names of her mother and her lover; and before an hour had passed, she was dead.

Andrea Cadogna passed that might alone with the body; and what his meditations may have been can never be known, for the has left no record of them. In the morning he gave it out that his dangliter had fied; and he made claborate arrangements to pursue and discover her; but, living or dead, she was never seen again, nor was any trace of her corpse ever found. There were many theories about her disappearance, and some of them reflected in a sinuster manner upon Cadogna himself; but actining could be proved against him. Her lover, attor long and value waiting, at length returned to venice with a shudder in his heart. Andrea Cadogna lived on, but ceased to take his former interest in business; and his fortune was somewhat diminished by several rash speculations inazarded by his son. The old man no longer entertained company, but spent most of his time alone in the tower chambers, writing and reading. In these latter days his mind revorted to the early splendors of his condition, and he imagined himself once more the proad and powerful nobleman of Venice. The papers and insigning of his nomitty had been preserved and hought over to his Irish hone; and he now determined to write down the whole history of his life and origin. In this work his closing years were occupied; and when the volume was written he put it away in the secret drawer of his cabinet. His papers and other records he placed in a receptacle chind one of the stones in the wall of the upper chamber of the tower, which he designated; and possibly he intended to reveal them to his son bore his death. Be that as it may the intention. nd before an hour had passed, she was dead. chamber of the tower, which he designated; and possibly be intended to reveal them to his son be fore his death. Be that as it may, the intention was never (nifiled; and he probably expired suddenly, without being able to attend to the execution of his last wishes.

Such are the outlines of the very Italian story which Owen Ambrose read in Andrea Cadegna's little book. It was immediately obvious that the perusal had put him in possession of facts which were of cardinal importance to Anastasia Cadegna,—the Leatrice of the inneteenth century. So far from head of the inneteenth century. So far from head of the inneteenth century. —the Beatries of the inneteenth century. So far from being of plebeian origin, she was of as noble blood as any in the world; and the young loke Ardenti might consider himself fortunate, even from a mercey family point of view, in obtaining an alliance with her. It was true of course, that the title having been held in abeyance during three cen-tures, it might not be say, or perfuse possible, to

in great people whose position in the world shuts one's eyes to defects, can never go hand in hand. A well-bred man always dresses as he behaves—properly. Morning dress in the country and in town differ considerably. In the country it is a jacket sail of tweed or serge "dittoes," as an entire suit of the same pattern and material is called. With this, a hard, round felt hat is always worn; a tall beaver hat never. On Sunday, in the country, it is different. Then at church—to which every respectable man, let alone gentleman, goes at least once—a mun should wear a dark cloth frock or morning cont buttoned, and a tall hat. After church, if he likes, he can change to a suit of dittoes again. However, the rule of a black coat and tall hat at church in the country is not as absolutely followed as other rules, shough a man is always on the safe side when he follows it.

in town, particularly during the season, a man can never appear in the street, in the park, at his club, or a morning concert, in other than a dark cloth freek or morning coat (buttoned), trousers of any color but black-light, or dark gray, or brown of any fashionable pattern being preferable—and a tail hat. To wear a low-crowned round but with a freek or morning coat would stamps a man directly. That this is a thing which should never be done

LA SENORITA.

From The Louisville Courtre Journal From The Londwille Courtre Journal
I saw her on a golden day,
The Spanish belle of Monterey;
When first her beauty's glad supplies
Shone out like startlish in the skies
Twas evening on the Alamo,
When sementias chine and go,
Each look'se with connectish glances
From lare manthly that enhances
Their beauty, as the soft moss turows
As added splendor round the rose—

The high comb in her raven hair Held one red blossom prisoned there And round her neck an amber chain The glad spring in her step, the South Glowed in the case of check and mouth Whitst over form and face was thrown A spell the coldest heart must own.

She passed screenely thro' the throng
A perfect poem set to song,
Wallst e'en her graceful fan had taught
Some vokeless love the specch it sought;
She did recall a night of stars,
Foft screenales 'nearn lattice bars,
A rose dropped sitenily below,
Where slept the mountams' drifted snow,
and looks for love a lone to mark—
a dagger thrust made in the dark.

I watched her as she moved spart And left a winter in each heart. Then said, half sailly: As the flower listingrace and beauty for an hour, Like Joshua I would command The sun of lovelle as alse.
That one so exquisite as alse.
Might bloom and shine immortally.
ELYTTA SYDNOR MILLER.

A HEALTH.

From Poems and Swedish Translations. A strange Knight with his visor drawn, With glooming eye and glanning apear, Sought entrance at the gate at dawn; His princely votes and air austero Beauchy both Knight and sixel good choor-But ere the eye the guiss was gone.

Ave, ere the eve came red and brown.
Up from the ocean with the breese,
The atranger left the coast and town,
But with the fairest man of these,
To cross the gray November and.
And bind her to his foreign crown.

Deep, deep this bitter cup I drain nop, deep the pentic eves, in monor of her gentle eves, for tender mouth that showed no pain. Her har hown under a len skies. If her become the planderer's prize, Or her I shall not see again!

Figure Rich Paragon.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE. BY JAMES WOLLOWS RIGEY. Hi and a whosp hasney, boys!
Sing a song of cheer!
Here's - holiday, boys.
Lasting haif a year!
Bound the world, and half is
shadow we have tried!
Now we're where the laugh is—
On the sunny side!

Pigeons con and mutter, structure dign about. Where the sum same thatter Through the stable roof. Here the chick has chosp, boys,

Here the clacking guinea, Here the cattle mass, Here the horses whitney, Launting out at you! On the hitching-mass, boys,

On the sunny aide Rabins in the peach tree is ne-ferris in the pour, All the world's in joy, boys,

Where's a heart as mellow ! Where's a soul as free! Where in any fellow
We would rather in t
Just oniserves or nout, boys,
World crund and wile.
Lauribia in the sun, boys,
On the sunny size!

On a sunny side

HISTORY.

As one who to some lore inched chamber goes, And listens there to what the dead have suid, So are there moments when my thoughts are led To those dull chronichs when my thoughts are led To those dull chronichs when my thoughts are led To those dull chronichs when my thoughts are led To those dull chronichs when repose That shall the haune as the past o'creptend; And when but memory may tend the dead Or prune the key where on a grow the rose, And, as there to me trom their pages arreams. The incohered story of the years,
The aimiesaness of all we undertake;
It famic our lives are surely but the dreams Of spirits dwelling in the distant spheres, Who, as we die, do one by one aware!
Fenice, 1884.

- -PROSPECTIVE. Iron Chaff.

well, here's summer come again, And I hardly know. (Watering places are such borea) Where I'd have to go.

Saraioga f Balls and hops! Eve had enough I guesa. I want to try some quiet place Water I need not dress.

Lake (overget Just the kind of place,

Newport! Really quite too swell.
Atlantic! Far too slow.
Cape May! Conduit think of that.
Mount Descri! Well—no. Let's see. I spont last summer there, Well, so it always ends. Fred told me, when he went away, We'd he the best of friends.

He said in might be there this year, And then, perhaps—that, no I That really makes no odds to me. I don't believe l'il ro.

But still the air is a ways cool, The tale with racks beging And Fred's cause — Yes, after all, Yil go to Mount Desert.

Berkeley, Hower, Gaust too Now communication at a past, Peanstal rest upon the abelyes; I'm A. B. at last.

This year will end vacation joys, To specif the this word the fall, And really, a don't know. Horbita teta ta Europe da f

Pit have to stratement Carlo mint light the same.
Pil try around near broken I don't much like all these "resorts." Only drose and dot.! It haves a fellow most to death! Let's me now: Modul Desert!

I had a lark up there had year, Parkitur round with fleet. I won let f she'll be there now, it couldn't be unless.

Palane! What use to think of that! Spen if she were there, Spe! tarlly —no, it's better not; that if not pray then, where! Newhere is the air so fine;

Then there's my called, I wish she ware of the aton's build, Sill, there's room for two Fil cruise all day about the rocks Rigged in flames suits. Pipe la mouth, — Well, yes, I think ful so to Mount Desert.

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

GENERAL TOOMBS AND HIS PRIDE. GENERAL TOOMES AND HIS PRIDE.

From The Louisville Courier Journal.

His pride of State is wonderful. One day he samplered into the Supreme Court room rather under the influence of liquor. An attorney was addressing the Journal terms which seemed to indicate that Georgis would not pay her debts. Interrupting him at once, Gen. Toombs said: "May it please the Court, Georgis will pay her debts. If she does not, then I will pay them for her." Gen. Toombs is now 74 years of age. He stoops considerably, and has an infirm waits, whou denotes his weakness. He has lost much fiesh within the past few years. His eyes are weak, a cataract growing over one of them, when causes considerable suffering. In his kome at Washington. Ca., he is always surrounded by some of his grandchildren, in whose commany he takes great delight. They feel that he has but a few days more to live, an i do everything in their power ts render his deciming years comfortable.

A CLEVER PRINCE.

A CLEVER PRINCE.

From The Deutsches Montageblatt.

Once when visiting a small town to one of the smallest German states, the savereign Prince was received at the pates by twenty young dense in winte. As a piece of cuming strategy, the ten president smallens were placed in the front rank, and the ten—less pretty ones in the second. Charmed with the attractive appearance of the vanguard, His Secone Hajunes and what comported itself well with the sixty years and his princely diratty—ne kissed every one of them on their beautiful foreheads. At the end of the front rank he made a saudden pane—only for a comple of seconds, however; then he beckened to his adjutant, "Sparrenholz, here go on with the rest f

MR. BLAINE AS A PROFESSOR.

MR. BLAINE AS A TROPESSOR.

From The St. Louis Globe Democrat.

It was in the fail of 1851, while I was engaged in running a line between Louisville and Newport, Ky., for a railroad to connect these cities, that I had my office at Drennon Springs, Henry County, Ky., the seat of the Military Institute is which Junes G. Blaine was at that time the Latin Professor. Having been a graduate the June preceding, I was allowed quarters in the barracks with my assistant also an excaded, and we were permitted some privileges, which discipline dented the cautets.

One evening, having just returned from my home.

One evening, having just returned from my home,
I invital four of the cadets to a spread of good things,
and to prevent our solon, set the time at after "taps," or
10 o'clock, when all lights umas be out and all in hed.
We were all ready for a set to, with keen appetites and a

We were all ready for a set-to, with keen appetites and a reitsh for the dainty fare, when a tap at the door caneed a stampede of our visitors, two under the bed and two behind the wardrobe certain.

On opening the door who should our new visitor be but Professor Baine, on duty to see that all highs were out and all cadets in bed, and being attracted by the light from our transon, be stopped in to see that we had no company, and also to have a quiet that about theorigetows. Of course we were glad to see aim, aithough unexpected at such a time, and politely invited him to take a bite, which he readily did.

The suppor was tempting—a bolied ham (that had been packed a year in hickory ashes in the oid stone anokehouse at home), a roast turkey, pickles, load baself, iemon pies, blacaberry jam, aponce-cake, and Catawba wine. And how he did enjoy it—several afters of ham and turkey, many biscults, pie and ram, and several greaser, of native tratwhat to wash it all down, and good natured chat to keep company ustil 11 o'clock, and the Professor arose refunctantly to go, remarking with a smile: "I argified I happened in, but was not that rather a large agreed for only you two!"

gried I happeened in but was not that rather a large spread; for only you two ??

I never knew if he suspected our four visitors hid in the room, while he was enjoying the least, but always thought his eye caught such timer the wardrobe curtain of two pair of feet, belonging to two trembling and hungry candle, who thered not move, but listened impationally to the Professor schal. If he saw these pedial extremities he must quietly have enloyed not only the supper, but a huge pike so the two boys, yet he never let on, for it would have been his duty to have ordered them under arrest for a gross violation of discipline, in having been out after "laps." One of the loys is new State Treasurer of Arkansas, and another, I believe, is one of the Supreme Judges of Louisiana.

VICTOR HUGO'S DAUGHTER ADELE.

From London Society.

Among the guests who trequented their hospitalla house in Guernsey was a certain Captain Penson, who, after proposing to Adole Hugo and being refused of her parents, cloped with the young girl, whom he shouldoned should after their marriage, by which he so prestrated her with grief that despair destroyed her hidden her with grief that despair destroyed her intellect. As soon as victor frugs heard of her said state he went over to America, whither her husband had taken her, and brough her back, but she never recovered from the shoek, and is said living in the hundre asymm at St. Mande, where her father a seasonally visits her.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

The circumstances were very pathetic. The runed grationan continued to maintain the wire of his affections in a life of case by presenting himself as a one-logged beggar of a crowded city crossing, not withstanding the convection that it would one day bring him to grief. He was finally run over by his own wife's broughand, she had nover suspended what his business was till she saw the victim of the accident.

TURGENIEFF AS A BAD LITTLE BOY.

TURGENILEF AS A BAD LITTLE BOY.

From The Pail Mall Gazette.

He seems to have been a presonant child, and often embarrassed his mother by his modified for remarks, after the customary basinon of the enton terrible. Once, when he was a boy of six years, he was introduced to an old truscese, who was held in great reverence by Furgement's mother. Her appearance was quishal, so quaint indeed that the child, instead of making the orthodox bow, called out at the top of his voice, "Why, you look exactly like a moskey," On another occasion the poet Duntrief paid a whist to Turgement's house, and on seeing him the boy looked at him for a while, and then, to the horror of his mother, said, "Thy fulles are good, but Kriball's are better." The was sound crisicism, of course; but the youthmother, said. "Thy fables are good, but Kriboffs are better." This was sound orthousin, of course; but the youthful critic received a bodily punishment the memory of which recurred to Turgoneff whenever the name of limit-reff was mentioned in his hearing. Its mother, however, only punished his bad manners, not his criticism, for of mothers fits tables she thought as little as of the rest of mothern Russian literature, she died in 1850 without ever having read any of her son's works. For her Punkin was the last linesum author, and after him there existed, in her opinion, ne Russian literature.

MILLIONAIRES AND "TIPS,"

Being known as a millionnaire is awkward. The rarriy of that kind of suffering may have caused the fact to be generally averanced. It was impressed upon me by one of Vanderbitts some this same night at the Casmo. A line of Vanderbitts in and a commonton with femonades. for when the costing was had a dotar, and torn muon about, plainly disappointed because some of the change had not been left on the salver. After he had at length withdraws, his behavior was commented on by young

Vanderbill, "If I thought be know me," and he, "I suppose I'd be "If I thought he knew me," said he, "I suppose I'd he just fool enough to give him a dime, or a quarter, perhaps, in order to save myself from being thought sings. You've no blea how much of a quantary my father is put into by such things as that. I fink it over. He is always recombined at sight. Everyloop knows it's all one to him whether he tips a waiter with a nickel or a double castle, so fat as the money's converned. But that isn't the petul. It is fill severy head that's put out to him folks says that he's spirrings—shoulying—making a vain show of his wealth. On the other hand, if he mosn't let any-hody make advantage of him, but tries is get for his money the same that other folks do, he is accused of disgraceful meanness. As a matter of fact, I guess the governor does the medium liberal thing, but that's far from being as easy as you might thinh."

A TOAD CRYING LIKE A CHILD.

William H. Bitting, proprision of the Phoenix Holes, Phoenix Virginian H. Bitting, proprision of the Phoenix Holes, Phoenix Virginian and state of the Wholes of this hones, where he found a tood. Not wishing to minre it, he took a broom and commenced sweeping it, out of the room. In doing so betterned the tood over on its back, when it commenced crying like a child. He had beard that they would at times do so, but he never before believed that such was the case.

SHE COULD FURN A SOMERSAULT.

Yesterday afternoon a horse-sar was slowly bumping along toward the Senth End, and among the passagers were two refined looking young women, who were holding an information. passoners were two remost sound from a wonen, who were helding in animated conve-sation in one one net. Their words were manifold to the rest of the sissencers, owing to the noise of the car-wheels and the growing and creaking of the vehicle. All of a smaller, however, the the car stopped, and thrilling across the momentary silence came this remark from the protiler of

moseurary silence came this remark from the prettier of the pair.

You just ought to see me turn a summore of the You just ought to see me turn a summore of the The effect was extraordinary. Two fight a index young men at the other and of the our longhed a cool, a certail looking person copaste the pair had rese, as a modulating flight, and then sat down against an eard into sever maporeted thane grared at the speaker throners mechanical which focused her sage until it have disaway the a gimbet, and the faces of the two young women turned to a charming research the.

And cut the speaker was not a circus thirs, a trapeta performer, or mixther was not a circus thirs, a trapeta. She becomed to one of our next families, and having tast returned from the symmosom, which he as in this sily are now as assumed by entitient, was describing to her friend her trimphs upon the parallel hars.

CURING A RATTLESNAGE'S VICTIA.

CURING A RATILESNARE'S VICTUE.

From The Chicago Tribone.

In milking one morning I tound that one of the colved did not come in for its breakfast. I found one of the form that not one in for its breakfast. I found one of its form that disps are led up to the size of an ext is form that are to different the call for the did not due to enough seats of broad which indicated where he had been estimal. The indicates which indicated where he had been estimal. The indicates which indicated where he had been estimal. The indicates which indicated where he had been estimal. The indicates which indicated where he had been estimal. The indicates which indicated where he had been estimal, "The indicates which indicates where he had been estimated in the call about three weeks old. It did not would not heave to the call about three weeks old. It did not would not have to the call about the section and the liters unadured in the size of say how minutes during the day resembly a continuous and indicates and a surface of the resemble and indicates where it were all day at examing removed the warded in early resemble in reduring gover. As soon as the methor, how how he had a long to undiffus less, and availed he appropriate of not returning gover. As soon as the methor, how hor here after all for many land and accorded at the same time and rail to get his supper which he seemed to reliably very model. The call was home for a long time, but this was all we ever this for all and to reliably very model. The call was home for a long time, but this was all the less governed where the state of the surface and rail to get his supper which he cared but it his kind. The life tends of the surface of a life surface which you, does not surface and the surface and the reliable to a surface with you, does not surface and the patients. But the surface with you, does not surface to the patients which had the patient

"Don't buy a conch in order to please your wife," advices an exchange; "it is much cheaper to make her a little sulty." It is still more economical to marry a woman who possessed a graceful carriage.— Norristowa Beraid.